





## LONDON'S NEW FEVER

FUBILEE SPECULATION RUNS MAD IN WINDOWS AND FLOORS.

FABULOUS PRICES PAID.

One Sensible Earl Rents His House for \$10,000, Reserving the Roof for Himself—Trading Upon the Supposed Foolishness of American Millionaires.

LONDON. —When the English people take to speculating they more than compensate for their usual conservative prudence, by plunging in beyond their depth. This was historically demonstrated by the famous South Sea Bubble, and more recently by their crazy investments in all kinds of wild-cat diamond mines in South Africa. Every few years the fever seems to break out and when the speculative microbe gets into the English brain, the epidemic rages with the rapidity of the whirlwind and its effect is just about as eccentric.

Just now London is gone mad in speculating in windows, floors, roofs and houses along the line of the great diamond jubilee parades on June 22 next, when the Queen will ride through a large section of the city in a gorgeous carriage, drawn by eight cream-colored horses.

Preposterous sums are being paid for places of vantage by men who expect to make fortunes by their deals. When asked about purchases for these places they one and all say: "Why, the Yankee millionaires. They will come here in regiments and will pay any sum for a place to see the show."

It is almost needless to say that if two hundred thousand American millionaires existed and every one of them came here prepared to pay thousands for a tiny peep hole, there would not be enough of the article to meet the supply offered by the speculators. But the common sense view of the situation does not seem to occur to the wild-brained people who only seem to think that everyone in the States is a millionaire with a mighty desire to see the English Queen on parade.

In looking about for the cause of this mental delusion, it is at once apparent that William Waldorf Astor is responsible for it. He has been the laughing stock of aristocratic London for a year or more, because of his snobbish efforts to secure royal recognition. Nothing that might tend to raise him in the esteem of the court circle has been left undone, and the fabulous sums he has expended for this purpose have had their effect upon the public mind.

He has been fixed upon as the standard of all American millionaires and they argue that if he is willing to change his nationality and spend two or three millions a year for the particular purpose of winning the favor of the Queen, there can be little doubt that the average millionaire will think nothing of paying twenty, forty or even sixty thousand dollars for a good place to view the royal lady.

As an example of the fabulous sums paid by speculators, a recent case can be cited. At St. Paul's Churchyard, that is the street fronting upon the cathedral where the ceremonies of the day are to be performed, there is a building, two floors of which are occupied by a dry-goods firm. The store is excellently situated for a good view and has been eyed by the speculators since the crazy first set in.

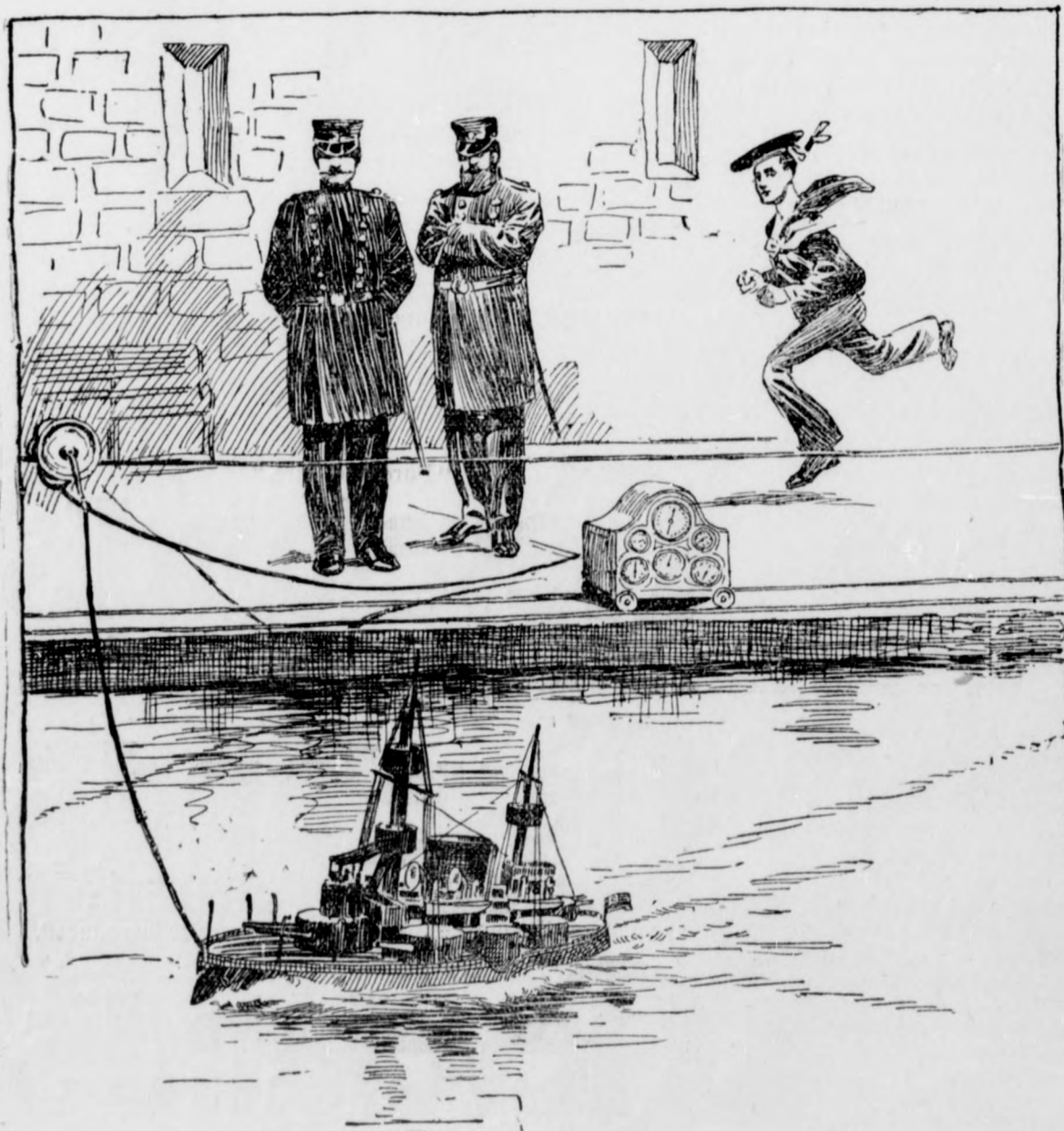
Three months ago a syndicate rented the two floors for June 22d for the sum of \$4,000, or \$20,000. A few days ago a new syndicate rented them paying the first syndicate \$28,000, or \$40,000, for the space. The new syndicate now confidently announces that it will have no trouble in renting the floors to American millionaires for \$16,000, or \$80,000.

By the exercise of considerable mechanical ingenuity, three hundred people might be placed at the windows, so

that all could see the show, or perhaps a dozen medium-sized families could be accommodated with comfort. This is merely one instance and there are thousands like it, but none quite so extravagant. The line of the parade extends over a distance of six miles and there is scarcely a house or building on either side of the many streets and squares which is not affected by the craze. Many of the auctioneers have caught the fever, too. One earl has rented his town house to a syndicate, reserving only the roof for himself and his family. He gets \$22,000, or \$10,000 for the house, enough to support him in fair style for a year. On the Surrey side of the river, that is the poor section of the city, corresponding with the lower east side

of New York, many of the ramshackle dwellings have been rented for more than their actual normal value in the real estate market. One small shopkeeper, who has a store in the Borough Road and who holds a lease on the house, thereby making it impossible for the owner to evict him, has rented his house for the one day for enough to pay his rent for the next five years. Many large hotels front on the line of march, notably the Grand at Trafalgar Square, and seven-tenths of the visiting Americans will view the parade from these places. The other three-tenths may fall into the clutches of the speculators, but at the best those scatter-brained worthies are sure to be bitten and bitten badly.

HOW THE MODEL WARSHIPS WILL BE TESTED IN THE BIG TANK.



## WAR IN MINIATURE.

BATTLESHIP MODEL TO BE TESTED IN THE NEW TANK.

DESIGNED FOR EXPERIMENT

WASHINGTON. —The naval authorities are certainly fulfilling the expectations of those who have been prognosticating so favorably concerning them of late. No difficulty of modern seamanship thus far encountered but has been met by the most accurate intelligence, the most industriously garnered experience and an almost unerring judgment. Every vessel that has left the ways under Government inspection has been in some respects superior to its predecessor. Improvement has followed quick upon the heels of improvement, and the most perspicacious ingenuity has been evidenced in the latest devices that now give America the palm as at least the best equipped, even if not the largest, naval power in the world.

But the most recent idea, about to be put into practical operation in the Washington Navy Yard, is the testing tank devised by Constructor Hickham. The most serious obstacle met with by the Construction Bureau in the designing of vessels is the determination of a fairly exact speed to be obtained from a vessel of known horse power, under-water form and displacement. Thus far the data obtained by Commander Hickham and his aides have come from abroad, and this information has been necessarily of a more or less inaccurate character, for the foreign Powers guard their army and navy secrets only too well, and our attaches secure only vague reports. The experimental tank about to be constructed will be 500 feet long and 50 feet wide, with a water space of 475 by 43 feet and a depth of 14 feet. Into this tank the models of our warships will be placed, and a dynamometer will register the resistance of the water motion. England, France, Germany and Italy have had similar tanks in operation, but the American design will be larger than any of these, and will be vastly superior for experimental purposes. The tank at Haslar, England, perhaps the finest of those in use abroad, is but 300 feet long, 25 feet wide and has a depth of only 10 feet, above the Haslar tank and running its entire length, is suspended a platform. On the platform is a track and along the track a carriage runs. Beneath the carriage floats the model, which is made wholly of paraffine. Of course, paraffine is lighter than water. The carriage tows the model along, and the power used is registered with absolute accuracy by a dynamometer. Thus is learned with exactness the speed at which the war ship represented by the model will steam with a given horse power.

Thus far all the models made by

the United States have been tested on the river, the towing having been done by launch, instead of by cable, as will be the case when the tank is completed. Naturally these tests have been unsatisfactory, owing to the inability to allow exactly for undercurrents and the impossibility of using a dynamometer with any great degree of accuracy.

The water to be used in the tank will be pumped from the Potomac and will cost after it has been put entirely under cover, at least \$150,000. The building of the model warships is a task involving an immense amount of labor. The ship house in the navy yard, where they are constructed, is filled with huge machines, and to go through it one would imagine actual warships were in process of formation there. The exact plans used for Uncle Sam's cruisers and warships are followed for the models. One of the most interesting of these models is that of the Indiana, although the first to be tested will probably be the miniature Oregon, now being perfected. The little Indiana was made with an engine inside of it and paddle wheels, so that it could steam itself up the Potomac. In the model the wheels were preferred to the propeller, because the power exerted by them can be measured more accurately.

The American models differ materially from those made for the English, Italian, French and German navies. There paraffine is used almost entirely, a wood skeleton being made only on rare occasions. Just why the foreign constructors do not follow the American plan is hardly clear, for the officers of both the English and French navies have time and again commended the ideas expounded by Constructor Hickham. In fact, Captain Mahan has taken occasion, when abroad, to make comparisons and, it is understood, gives the preference to the American plan.

The building of the model of an American warship is begun by taking a number of pine boards, cut roughly to the outlines of the ship, and putting them together under pressure with glue between them. Thus a solid block of approximate dimensions is formed. The block is then planed and chiseled until the lines of a great war vessel are reproduced with absolute exactness. The hull being made smooth with sandpaper, the rudder and propeller shafts, of cherry wood, are added. At the same time are put on the "sponsons," out of which the guns look as from windows of steel. Holes having been bored for the window ports, the little craft is ready to receive its armament.

The model is not yet finished, but the guns are made and nearly all of the other equipments are ready to be put aboard. These latter are very elaborate, and to produce them has required an immense amount of labor. For example, there are a number of boats, including one steam launch in miniature. Each of these represents three days work for one man. The false bottoms and every rib inside of them are shown. All of them are of wood, save for the smokestack and rudder of the steam launch. The boats are swung from davits.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Jack's Boomerang. Or the Story of a Little Boy Who Was Too Fond of Playing Tricks—He's a Brick—Some Tales of Peril.

An Evening Guest.  
F in the silence of this lonely eve,  
With the street lamp pale,  
Flickering on the wall,  
An angel were to whisper me—  
"Believe—It shall be given thee. Call!"—  
Whom should I call?

And then I were to see thee gliding in  
Clad in dark garments, that with empty fold  
Lie in my keeping, and my fingers, thin  
As thine were once, to feel in thy safe hold;

I should fall weeping on thy neck and say,  
"I have so suffered since—since"—But my tears  
Would stop, remembering how thou count'st thy day,  
A day that is with God a thousand years.

Then what are these sad days, months, years of mine,  
To thine eternity of full delight?  
What my whole life, when myriad lives divine  
May wait, each leading to a higher height?

I lose myself—I faint. Beloved, best,  
Let me still dream thy dear humanity  
Sits with me here, my head upon thy breast,  
And then I will go back to heaven with thee.

Jack's Boomerang.

Aunt Flora was making some walnut creams that last afternoon in March. She had to crack the nuts very carefully to get them out whole, and some halves of shells were not broken at all. Jack's sharp eyes discovered them in the coal-hod.

"Oh, goody!" cried he, "they'll be just the thing to fool Teddy with tomorrow, Aunt Flo. I'll stick them together and he'll think they're regular walnuts."

"I wouldn't," said Aunt Flo. "He is such a little boy, and he will be disappointed. I wouldn't, Jack."

But Jack would. He picked out shells enough to make three walnuts, then he got the glue-bottle and stuck them together so carefully you wouldn't have known they were ever cracked.

"Don't they look just good enough to eat?" laughed he. "Now, when they get dry I'll put them in a paper bag and give them to Teddy in the morning."

Then he ran out to his play, whistling; and he played so long and hard that he didn't think of the walnuts again until he came home from school next day, at noon. Aunt Flora had put them away for him, however. She told him where to find them.

"On the second shelf of the dining room closet, in a paper bag," said she. Jack's face had a sober look. He thought perhaps Aunt Flo didn't like his joke.

"Maybe I hadn't best fool Teddy," said he. "Guess I'll take them out and fool Johnny Wilson. I haven't been fooled today, Aunt Flo."

But Aunt Flo did not answer, and when Jack got to the dining room he found Teddy there. It did seem too good a chance to be lost. Jack took the bag of walnuts from the closet shelf.

"Hello, Teddy!" said he; "have some nuts?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Teddy, running to get the tack hammer. He liked walnuts almost better than anything else. "You're the bestest boy, Jack," he said.

At which Jack looked sober again. I think he felt a little bit ashamed. After all, it wasn't the best of fun to fool a little five-year-old boy, and his own brother, too. But he gave Teddy the bag.

In less than two seconds down came the hammer on the first walnut. It cracked very easily, indeed, and it had the funniest kernel you ever saw in a nut—a bright new dime!

It didn't take long to crack the other two, you may be sure; and there were thirty cents—enough to buy two whole pounds of walnuts.

"Oh, oh!" cried Teddy, astonished beyond measure. "Are they mine? Where did 'em come from?"

Jack's face was red as a rose. He was almost ready to feel cross about it; but looking up, he saw Aunt Flo smiling in the doorway, and laughed instead, a little sheepishly.

He's a Brick.

When a boy does something that is particularly good or noble his comrades say "He's a brick!" for to call a fellow "a brick" is as high a compliment as one boy can pay to another. If we stop to think about it, though, it seems rather strange that a brick should be chosen as a standard for measuring the worth of a boy. There is surely nothing very wonderful or fine about a brick. But, like a great many other sayings that do not appear to have much sense, we shall find, by looking up the origin of the expression, that it started out with a very sensible meaning. In order to get at its beginning, we have to go back into ancient history for a distance of nine hundred years before Christ—all the

way back to the time of Lycurgus, the great Spartan ruler. Plutarch tells us that Lycurgus had a great many wise and curious notions as to how people should live and how the affairs of the country should be managed. One of his ideas was that there was no necessity for building a wall about a town if the soldiers were properly trained to protect the place. On one occasion an ambassador from a neighboring country came to see Lycurgus, and he asked how it was that he had no walls around the town. "But we have walls," replied Lycurgus, "and if you will come with me I will show them to you." Thereupon he took his guest out upon the plains where the army was drawn up in battle array, and, pointing to the ranks of the soldiers, he said: "These are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick." So you see when the expression was first used it had a great deal more sense than it has now.

Tales of Peril.

While three men were hunting in Idaho, one gave a shout, and the others ran to his assistance. They found him clinging to some vines, that grew on the edge of a great hole in the ground, at least thirty feet in diameter. After hauling him out, he explained that he had walked into the hole while looking ahead for game, and only saved himself by the merest chance. The hunters came back the next day with ropes and lowered a man into the pit. He reported that it was nearly sixty feet deep, and half-way down was narrowed in like an hour glass, so that any living thing falling into the pit could never get out without assistance. As a proof, the floor of the pit was strewn with the carcasses of bear, deer and lesser game. The luckless animals at different times had evidently fallen into the pit, perhaps while being chased, and, of course, were unable to climb the walls, which inclined toward the narrow opening. Nobody of any sense ever hunts for a grizzly, but when one comes in sight hardly any one can refrain from firing at him. This was the case with two men in Montana, who were going over the mountains on a narrow trail, when they saw a grizzly on the rocks above. Both men promptly took to shelter and consulted. The grizzly was evidently coming to a spring nearby to drink, and was minding its own business, but one of the men thought he saw a chance, and fired. The bullet hit the bear in the neck. This merely irritated him enough to make him look around for his tormentors, and presently he was in full chase. They ran at a lively pace, but would have been caught had they not scrambled up the rocks. The grizzly scrambled up, too, but presently all sounds of pursuit ceased. Looking back, they saw the bear jammed between two rocks. Before he could back out, one of the men ran back and put a ball in the grizzly's ear, and the chase was over. It was such a narrow escape, however, that the hunters resolved to avoid grizzlies in future.

In Los Angeles, a resident exhibits the skin of a mountain lion, got in a peculiar way. He was riding leisurely among the foothills when a mountain lion crossed his path, and was slinking away, as it generally does, when he rashly fired at it with a light shotgun he carried. The lion, slightly wounded, came back in a rage and made a dash at him. The horse shied and the man was thrown, striking his head against a rock, and causing insensibility. When he came to his senses his horse was standing over him, and a dead lion lay a little distance away. He examined the beast, and found its skull crushed like an eggshell. The horse had got a fair crack at him with his heels, and made an end of him.

Ceremonial Laws of Savages.

In a recent lecture on "Primitive Religious Expression" in New Haven, Conn., Professor D. G. Brinton said that ceremonial law is found to exist in every tribe, and is obeyed with surprising punctuality. It is often absurd and ridiculous, but is obeyed just the same. Among certain tribes it is against this law to roast a pig, only boiling of that animal being allowed; with other tribes no fuel from two different species of trees may be used for the same fire; and in Kamtchatka a certain tribe has a ceremonial law which prohibits the scraping of snow from the boots with a metal knife, and another law which threatens with boils anyone who kills a very young duck. It is believed that punishment for the infraction of any of these laws falls not upon the individual, but upon his tribe. Darwin found very little religion among the Patagonians, but the severest ceremonial laws in vogue.

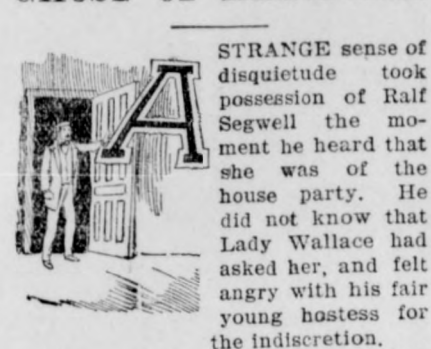
An Elephant-Hunting Adventure.

Selous, the African elephant hunter, on one occasion had a marvelous escape. He was chased by an infuriated elephant, thrown from his horse, which ran away, leaving him upon the ground. Before he could rise the elephant was upon him, and, falling upon his knees, sent one of its sharp tusks through his thigh into the ground, for a moment pinning him there. Selous, while suffering terrible agony, did not lose his presence of mind, but pretended to be dead, well knowing that this was his only hope. The elephant watched him closely a moment, then, thoroughly deceived, pulled his tusk out and ran off into the woods, receiving as it went its quietus in the shape of a bullet, which the hunter's companions had not dared to fire before, fearing that the animal would fall on him.

Professor Bailey, of Ithaca, N. Y., has succeeded in grafting tomato on potato vines. In this case the tomatoes grew to full size, but the potatoes remained small.



## GHOST OF MERSDALE.



“What’s the fascination in Segwell?” murmured a guest irrelevantly. “Look at him and Miss Clifford.”

“He deceives us all,” answered a pretty American. “He’s enigmatic and melancholy. . . . He’s the only concrete specimen of evil I know. We talk a good deal about bad things and read bad books, but on the whole modernity is very good—don’t you think so?”

“Some of you have a ferocious bark, Miss Swift.”

“Most persons’ bark is worse than their bite; Ralf Segwell’s bite is much worse than his bark. I guess that’s why he’s so unanny. In fact, he never barks at all—he just walks up to one in a friendly sort of way and bites. I hope they have consigned him to the haunted room!”

“They have, I believe, but he doesn’t know. They never tell their guests, then nothing ever happens. There’s nothing to happen, for they haven’t a ghost, you know; only a door that leads nowhere. An obtrusive thing that forces its personality or doorality on you. It has not been opened for hundreds of years—no human power can force it.”

“I asked Mary Clifford to please you,” said Lady Wallace. They were sitting together in the great hall. “You were such friends. I am sorry—it’s a hostess’ duty to know all these things. I apologize.” She noticed a weary expression settle on his face. Her sympathies were touched. When their eyes met she flushed and smiled with a winning, intimate grace that was daring without being bold. “How shall I atone?”

“You witch!” he said in a very low voice; then suddenly he stood up as a little white figure passed at the end of the hall.

“It was Miss Clifford!” she said. “Was it?” he answered indifferently. “Let us talk about you.”

That night as Ralf Segwell shut himself in his room the feeling of depression he experienced on arriving at Merdale returned. His thoughts wandered to the house party—nineteenth century men and women, effervescing



## RALF, COME BACK.

with spontaneous epigram, looked up in these vast, gloomy rooms. How strangely the place dominated the people! The old seemed the significant fact, the infesting butterflies but shadowy things inhabiting for a brief period this great somber pile. He looked up and noticed a door that had escaped his observation in the afternoon. He tried the handle, then a cold shudder went through him as he turned from it and crossed the immense room, only dimly lit by candles that spluttered at intervals. He glanced again at the locked door. What a miserable hole they had consigned him to! A wild desire to sneak away elsewhere became almost irresistible.

Unable to rest, he flung himself out of bed, stirred up the fire to a blaze, and lit every candle in the room. As he held the match to each one he looked with renewed fear over his shoulder. Then he placed a chair near the fire, yet facing the dreaded quarter, and sat down, determined to watch till daylight. But with inactivity and the dead silence and the blaze of light the strange incomprehensible horror returned doublefold. The sound of his own breathing became painful. He thought of Mary Clifford, then something moved. He sat still as one paralyzed; his blood roared through his veins, and icy hands seemed to grip his heart. The handle before him turned, and the door that had not opened for a hundred years swung back, and a man walked slowly into the room. He was dressed in evening clothes, and seemed to all appearance like other men, but for a startling expression in his gray eyes. Ralf rose to his feet tongue-tied while his visitor walked to the fireplace and sat down. “I can give you an hour,” he murmured. There was a silence.

“What for?” said Ralf, at last. “To live,” he answered, indifferently. It leaped to Ralf Segwell’s mind that he was entertaining a madman. The house was full, which necessitated the using of this room. The mysterious door was undoubtedly the entrance to the apartments of some insane relative. His own previous apprehension must have been caused by a latent consciousness of a human presence a stone’s throw from him. The thought

of his solitude in the dead of night with a homicidal maniac was sufficient, by unmaning. He turned pale, but questioned with assumed alacrity, “Why?”

“Justice,” answered the stranger, slightly elevating his brows. “How do you propose to take my life?”

“Through your imagination. . . . I shall look at you.” He glanced up. Ralf shrank from the gaze, then said with a ghastly attempt at a smile, “Well, I hope my light still burns. I cling to life, you know, here and hereafter. I shall fight for that second hour.” The smile withered on his lips, as his visitor again turned his terrible gaze from the fire to him.

“Mary Clifford has saved your soul, profligate.” The voice reverberated through the room. The walls echoed back “Profligate,” and his own lips moved to utter the word, but he said under his breath, “Mary Clifford,” and the sound was as water to a thirsty man. “The pure love that she alone was able to wake in you, and that still lives in your heart, though you stuff it under the clogging weeds of gross passions, has kept burning the flame of your spiritual life.” He leaned forward. “Another woman here would stifle it this time forever, and would kill her you have wronged; but,” he ended with a shrug, “you will die tonight.”

Ralf sat still a long time, trying to guess how knowledge of the details of his own life had reached his companion. Was this mad philosopher a friend of hers? And even so, how had he divined that she still held the greater place in his heart, though he had been wantonly faithless to her? Would she mind were he in truth to die? Had he any right to hope even that she should? Would she care? he said.

“Your hour is passed!”

Ralf started and turned pale to the lips. He saw his visitor’s aspect had changed; he had become a phantom creature with a living face. A terrible, awful human physiognomy stared at him with preposterous, hideous fixity. He writhed and wrestled, but the eyes defied his movements, he could not look away; all the nerves of his body, the consciousness of his mind, the very vitality of his system, were absorbed by paralyzing fear. Time brought no relaxation, every moment seemed an eternity. “Pity! pity!” he cried, but the gray eyes watched him. “Help! help! help!” The impotent words echoed back on his hearing. His voice was a whisper. He tried to listen for the sound of footsteps he knew would not come, then again, struggled with superhuman effort to release himself from the power of the phantom figure, the ghastly face—and the eyes!—the eyes that watched without mercy! But slowly in torture life was waning from his wearied frame. He sank on the ground, clutching at the rug with distended fingers. “Mary!” he murmured, and the eyes still stared.

Susan Swift felt herself awakened by a hand on her shoulder. Recollection of the haunted room kept her listening to the throbbing of her own heart, with eyes firmly closed. It was a moment which necessitated the staring of a real live apparition in the face. She did so, however, at last, and behold nothing more frightening than Mary Clifford; pale, indeed, as a ghost, and her great eyes wide open as if it were not the middle of the night and time for reasonable beings at least to feel drowsy.

“Get up, Miss Swift—oh! quick, quick.”

“Is it a fire?” said Susan, sitting up suddenly.

“No!” said the girl. “You must come with me to Mr. Segwell’s room!”

The American was fairly aghast. “I think not,” she said, deliberately. “Miss Clifford, you must be considerably scared about something, but nothing could justify such a preposterous notion.”

A look of despair crept into the girl’s face. She turned away. “I thought you, being an American, would be brave and kind. I thought I could trust you . . . but I must go alone.” And in a moment she was at the door. Susan leaped from her bed. She didn’t see why an American should be expected not to mind prowling about in the middle of the night in a man’s bedroom, but she knew she wasn’t going to let Mary Clifford go alone, anyhow! As to feeling brave—she simply felt terrified! They stole together along the gallery, down a winding staircase, and thence through an interminable corridor. Susan Swift began to feel very miserable. A sensation of fear was growing over her, when suddenly they both stopped, each affected by some unaccountable emotion. Mary turned round and said gently, “You are not afraid?”

“Is there anything about me that looks afraid?” the American answered, her heart in her mouth. Then they went on through a great swing door, which seemed to cut them off from the habitable part of the house. Neither had ever been there before, yet Mary hastened as one who knew the way by instinct. At last they stood still. A sense of imminent calamity overpowered them both, then in a moment Mary Clifford opened a door. A keen draught extinguished her candle as the two entered the room. A door opposite them inside was open, and on the floor in a flood of light lay the body of Ralf Segwell.

The unhappy girl knelt down and chafed the dead hands. “Ralf, Ralf! come back!” she cried, despairingly. “Anything, anything, only come back!” Then the click of a turning lock vibrated through the room. The door that led nowhere had closed.—Frances Forbes-Robertson in Westminster Budget.

The influx of tramps into Delaware towns has begun.

## CRETE AND PEOPLE.

## BEAUTIFUL ISLAND WITH A TROUBLOUS HISTORY.

The Turk Has Been Its Most Tyrannical Ruler—Its Inhabitants Have Struggled for Liberty Through Several Centuries.

(Special Letter.)

HE island of Crete lies at the entrance to the Grecian archipelago, being sixty miles distant from the mainland of Greece and 110 miles from Asia Minor. It thus lay directly in the path of western migration and was one of the first points in Europe settled by man. The Pelasgi, or primitive Greeks, when they entered Greece also took possession of the attractive and luxuriant island of Crete, and in the time of Homer it was a prosperous and thickly-settled country. Its early history is entirely mythical and legendary. It was the birthplace and burial place of Jupiter, and the wonderful and intricate labyrinth of the Minotaur, of which no one who entered could ever find his way out, was situated in Crete. Cydonia, the ancient city that stood where Canea now is, was called “the mother of cities.” In ancient times Crete was a place of importance and is described thus by Homer: “There is a country, Crete, in the midst of the Black Sea, beautiful and fertile, wave-washed roundabout, with a population infinite in number, and ninety cities. The races are different; there are Achaeans, the

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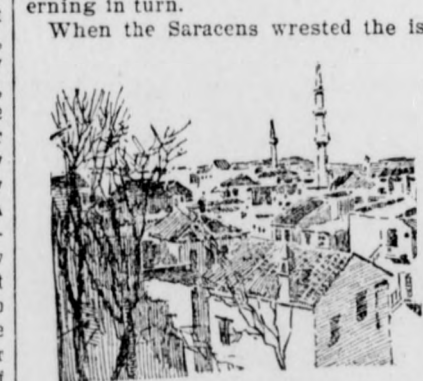
VIEWS IN CRETE.

Cydonians, the crest-waving Dorians, and the divine Pelasgi. Theirs is Gnosus, a great city, and theirs is King Minos, who talked nine years with great Jove.”

The very conditions which tended to the independence and rapid development of Crete in ancient times, its insular position and freedom from outside interference, have served to keep it in subjection ever since it was conquered by the Romans. The Cretans were the earliest seafaring Greeks, and in 67 B. C., nearly eighty years after Greece had passed under Roman rule, the sailors of Crete were still independent. They sailed from one end of the Mediterranean to the other, sacked the defenseless towns that lay near the coast and made it unsafe for any Roman galley to venture forth. In the days of Cicero, when Rome claimed dominion over all the known world, these daring pirates entered the Tiber and captured transports that were carrying grain to Rome. They had grown too powerful to be ignored, and Rome turned all her attention to making an end of them. Metellus, a Roman general, sailed for Crete with a large army, and after a number of sharp battles on sea and land, succeeded in destroying the power of the pirates, and Crete was made a Roman province. Since then it has been constantly under the dominion of some foreign and oppressive ruler, Roman, Saracen, Byzantine, Venetian, and lastly, the “unspeakable Turk,” robbing and misgoverning in turn.

When the Saracens wrested the island from the Romans, they found it a beautiful land-locked harbor large enough to contain all the fleets of Europe. The roads throughout the island are of the most wretched description, the short portion of one between Suda Bay and Canea being the only one over which a carriage can be driven. This is for the benefit of the Turkish officials, who debark at Suda Bay and proceed thence to Canea. For the rest of the islanders, toiling along, beside their heavily laden donkeys, any kind of a road is good enough.

All the native inhabitants of Crete, Mohammedans and Christians, are of the Greek race and speak the Greek language. On account of their insular position they have suffered far less from foreign influences than the Greeks of the continent. Turkish and other foreign words are very rare in the Cretan dialect, while common enough in modern Greek. The Cretans of to-day, in language and person, are the purest representatives of the ancient Greeks to be found anywhere. They are tall and athletic, especially the mountaineers, and eager to advance themselves intellectually. Every petition to the sublime porte asks for school and teachers, but schools cost money and consequently are not looked upon favorably by the Turkish government. The women of the mountainous districts are noted for their great beauty, and the explanation given of this fact is significant. Whenever a girl of the lowlands gives promise of being exceptionally attractive she is sent by her friends into the mountains, where the danger of becoming an inmate of a Turkish harem is far less than in the neighborhood of the towns.



A GLIMPSE OF CANEA.

and from the Byzantine, or Eastern Roman empire, in 823, all the inhabitants were converted to Islamism. It was either that or extermination. But in 960 Phocas won the island back, and the Cretans returned to Christianity. In 1204 the Crusaders, under Baldwin, Count of Flanders, invested Constantinople and overthrew for a time the Byzantine empire. The empire was divided among the victors and Crete was

allotted to Boniface, Marquis of Montserrat, who sold it to Venice.

The Venetian rule was but a repetition of all that had gone before, the island being looked upon only as a place where taxes could be levied. They were levied to such an extent that the population is said to have been reduced from 1,600,000 to 160,000 in 450 years. At the end of this time the Turks, with the hearty co-operation of the Cretans themselves, drove out the Venetians and a rule even worse than theirs had been inaugurated. They had exchanged Venetian tax-gatherers for Turkish, and the miseries of religious persecution was added to their others. Rebellions without number have been fought, but always with the same result. The island would be overrun with soldiers of the sultan, the land devastated, villages burned and the Cretans starved into making terms—which the Turks never kept.

This state of affairs has continued down to our own day. Just previous to the last rebellion, in 1866, the Cretans addressed a petition to the sultan protesting.

The answer to the petition was that the Cretans, who had assembled to discuss their situation, disperse at once. They were reluctant to do this, the governor attempted to force them, they resisted and the war was on. Perhaps it would have been just as well if this petition had received the fate of a former. When it was handed to the pasha to be forwarded to Constantinople, he substituted one of his own composition, in which his reign of misrule was praised without stint and the people represented as peaceful and happy. For this the pasha was loaded with presents by the sultan, and that was the last of the petition. The result of the petition of 1866 was a long and destructive war, in the end of which the

The climate of Crete is mild and salubrious, the close proximity of the mountains and the sea giving it a cool and even temperature the year round. The fertile soil of the lowlands produces olives, oranges and lemons in great profusion, and this island, which was once called, with Sicily, the granary of Rome, might again become a prosperous and productive land under a favorable government. Crete has been waiting over nineteen hundred years for such a blessing, and no one can say how much longer she will have to wait. After making a gallant fight in the last insurrection, but thirty years ago, she was compelled to make terms with the Turks by the treachery and intervention of several “friendly powers.” It was a case of history repeating itself, and history bids fair to repeat itself again in the present instance.

## LIVED ON FAT OF THE LAND.

Ancient Romans Could Eat the Choicest Delicacies of the World.

When at its zenith the Roman empire laid all the barbarian countries of the world under contribution to supply the tables of its nobles and wealthy citizens with the fine luxuries of life, says Lippincott’s Magazine. Asia and Africa poured in the rich spices and fruits of the tropics; Germany and the great north countries raised the grains and wild berries; Italy and the fertile land of the Franks cultivated the vineyards to make or express the wines; every strip of sea coast from the Mediterranean to the Baltic contributed its quota of fish, and the forests of Britain yielded the wild game of the woods—birds, beasts and fowls—for the banquets of the proud, dissolute rulers of the vast empire. With the choice products of a great world so easily obtained there were wanton waste, foolish extravagance and a

## TO “ENTRAP A PERFUME.”

Little Game, Played at Cannes, Which Ought to Interest Lovers of Flowers.

Learn a lesson for the season from the south of France. In the flower season at Cannes plates of glass are thinly covered with clarified inodorous fat; upon or under this fat the flowers are placed and the power this substance has to absorb and retain perfumes is astonishing, says the New York Herald. On these sheets of glass the most delicate odors are thus fixed almost as securely as on the collodion prepared plates the most delicate pictures are retained. In this way the jessamine, the violet, the tuberose and orange perfumes travel across France and arrive here as pure as the day they were given forth from the flowers themselves. The emancipation of the odor from its imprisonment is very simple. The fat, cut into small cubes, is placed in spirits of wine and the delicate essence immediately deserts the coarse fat for the more spiritual solvent. M. Piesse, in his interesting work on perfumery, says that “while cultivators of gardens spend thousands for the gratification of the eye they altogether neglect the nose. Why should we not grow flowers for their odors as well as for their colors?” And, we may add, the ladies may utilize some of our own waste garden perfumes very easily and with pecuniary advantage to themselves. Heliotrope, the lily of the valley, honeysuckle, myrtle, clove, pink and wall-flower perfumes, such as we get in the shops, are made up odors cunningly contrived from other flowers. Yet they may be made pure with a little trouble. “I want heliotrope pomade,” says M. Piesse, in despair. “I would buy any amount that I could get.” And the way to get it is very simple. If there is a gluepot in the house and it happens to be clean, fill it with clarified fat, set it near the hothouse fire, or any other fire, just to make the fat liquid, and throw in as many heliotrope flowers as possible; let them remain for twenty-four hours, strain off the fat and add fresh ones; repeat this process for a week and the fat will have become a pomade a la heliotrope. The same process may be gone through with all the other flowers mentioned. A lady may in this manner make her own perfume, and we may add, in the words of M. Piesse, “one that she cannot obtain for love or money at the perfumer’s.”

## DIVER DIES UNDER WATER.

Heart Disease Overtakes Him While He Is in the Patapsco River.

Albert M. Olsen, a diver in the employ of the Baltimore wrecking company of Baltimore, Md., died suddenly the other day while he was under water in a diving suit in the channel of the Patapsco river, off Sparrow’s Point, says an exchange. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of his death. Louis E. Broom, manager of the Baltimore wrecking company, made the following statement in regard to the death of Olsen: “We went to the channel off Sparrow’s Point for the purpose of raising a broken spud which was sticking up out of the water from the bottom of the river. A spud is a long pole used on mud machines. By running it through a well in the machine it sticks into the bottom of the river and holds the machine steady while the buckets are being operated for dredging mud from the channel. When we got to the place Olsen put on the diving dress and went overboard from a yawl boat of the mud machine. Shortly after he had gone under water it was noticed that he was not moving about and a signal was made to him to find out if he was all right. No answer being received, I directed that he should be signaled to come to the surface. Again no answer was returned. A second signal for coming up was made, and receiving no reply, I directed that Olsen should be hauled up. As soon as he was received on the deck of the mud machine the diving dress was opened, and it was found that Olsen was dead. It is my opinion,” continued Mr. Brown, “that Olsen died of heart disease while under water. The diving apparatus was working all right; the air valve in the head of it was not out of order, and there was no water inside the dress. The intention of sending Olsen down was to have him attach a chain to the broken spud so that a tug could pull it out of the water. Its removal had been ordered by the inspector in charge of the dredging operations in the channel.”

The British artillerymen do not attempt to manage the big beasts that draw the guns. To accomplish this task there is employed a staff of twelve mahouts, with twelve assistants, the latter being under the command of an official known as the jemadar, or captain. All are natives of India.

Then, besides the elephant company, as it is called, there are with each battery a jemadar, six sirdars and 131 drivers, who care for the bullocks. Therefore it can be seen that a battery of artillery in India amounts to something. In fact, it is a little army in itself, for every one of the natives employed is supposed to be competent and ready to fight if necessary.

Whenever it happens that the battery is to be transported a great distance, the railroad is used as an aid, if it can possibly be made available. In such cases it is necessary, of course, to transport the elephants by rail, and special cars have been made for the purpose.

Sources of English Wealth. What we drink and what we wear loom largely in the lists of British wealth, but not what we eat. The business instincts of the people do not permit them to let any manufacturer of eatables become more than half a millionaire, and only two have reached that estate since 1887.—Mr. Perrin, of sauce celebrity, and Mr. W. J. Bellville, a partner in Keen’s mustard factory. Flour, bread, biscuit, tea and beef, on however huge a scale they may be manufactured or provided, lead, in the figures with which this article deals, to a lesser level of profit. The rich men of the liquor trade are many. Three of its four millionaires have been mentioned among the barons; the fourth, Mr. Henry Page, was a maltster of Ware. Six others left estates valued at half a million sterling. Lord Hindlip ranks among the Peers, and four others were brewers.—Mr. Robert Courage, Mr. Richard Vaughan, of Bath; Mr. W. H. Worthington, of Burton-on-Trent, and another partner in the Allsopp firm, Mr. Henry Townshend.—Contemporary Review.

About Russian Juries.

The most incredible stories are told of Russian juries. Thus, the foreman of a jury declared he would send a poor fellow to prison because it happened to be his (the jurymen’s) birthday. Another jury had agreed upon a verdict of guilty when the church bells began to ring. They revised their verdict because a holiday had begun. A burglar was allowed to go free because the man whom he had robbed had refused to lend him money. This, in the opinion of the jury, was a direct incentive to crime.

Sunday Eggs for the Church.

Mrs. H. Martin of Ashland, Mo., has hens that lay eggs for religious purposes. She donates the proceeds of all the eggs laid by her hens on Sunday to the church to which she belongs. Owing to the ability of her poultry her contributions are generous, and if the eggs continue to increase this spring the salary of the pastor will be raised.

Cause of Death Indicated.

An army surgeon says that the cause of death is clearly shown in the expression of the face of a corpse on the field of battle. He states that those who have been killed by sword thrusts have a look of repose, while those killed by bullets usually have pain of an intense nature clearly depicted.

## ELEPHANTS IN WARFARE

## EXTENSIVE USE OF THE GREAT BEASTS IN INDIA.

They Drag Big Guns and Do Duty Like Soldiers—Their Enormous Strength Enables a Few of Them to Replace Many Bullocks—Never Know Defeat.

The elephant, says the New York Herald, has become one of the most important adjuncts of the English army in India. He is attached to the artillery, in every sense of the word, and drags the biggest guns as if they were feathers, keeping a steady pace with the tramp of the infantry. He is no laggard at any time, and deep, indeed, must be the mire and high the barricade which he cannot walk through or demolish. In one respect the elephant in artillery is like Napoleon—never knows defeat. The officers and men of the Indian army have for years been working with the idea of making the elephant more and more useful. At first the big beast was used on the fortifications, for hauling lumber, and all kinds of tasks for which great strength, absolute obedience and docility were required. Now he knows as well what to do as the best posted artilleryman, and will bring his gun to the regimental front with the precision of a veteran.

The particular use to which the elephant is put in the artillery line in India is to drag the heavy batteries and the guns of the siege train. These instruments of war are tremendous in size and exceedingly heavy. Until the regime of the elephant it had been the custom to have them drawn by long lines of bullocks.

There was, however, no end of trouble with these beasts. They were hard to control, and so many of them were required that they proved a good deal of a nuisance. So it is that the British artillery man rejoices at the substitution of the elephant for the bullock. One elephant will draw without effort a piece of artillery which a long line of bullocks would have difficulty in moving at all.

Every one of these heavy batteries, which the elephant moves from place to place, consists of four forty-pounders and two six and three-inch howitzers. While one elephant can draw, if necessary, a single piece of artillery, in order not to strain him at all they are sometimes paired or driven tandem. For instance, in some batteries twelve elephants are utilized. These are not all employed in drawing the artillery at the same time, for it is well not to work an elephant too hard, because, if that is done, he is apt to become stubborn, despite his usual tractability. For this reason the elephants are given kindly usage, and under those circumstances do all that is asked of them.

The elephant battery, or rather the guns thereof, is always accompanied by ammunition wagons and baggage. Owing to the fact that the supply of properly trained elephants is limited, bullocks are still utilized as the beasts of draught for the battery accompaniments. The fact that 262 bullocks are required to draw the ammunition and baggage forms a striking contrast between their powers and those of the elephant, for the gross weight of the ammunition and the baggage is considerably less than that of the artillery itself.

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An Old Composer.

Henry Russell, who was born at Sheerness on December 24, 1812, is the oldest living English composer. He has composed and published more than 800 songs. His song, “Cheer, Boy, Cheer!” is the air played by the Guards’ Drum and Fife Band when a British regiment leaves for abroad, and “A Life on the Ocean Wave” was in 1889 adopted by order of the Admiralty as the special march of the Royal Marines.



KASHMIRI WOOD CARRIERS.

“I weighed one load,” he says, “and it turned the scale at 240 pounds.” No wonder the poor fellows carry a pole to lean upon.

Consistent.

Mother—Hattie, dear, you haven’t dusted the piano very well this morning. Hattie—Well, ma, the teacher told me that I must endeavor to cultivate a light touch.—New York Tribune.



## PARENTS:

The Most of you have taken Advantage of

## SHIPLEYS GREAT CLEARANCE SALE

To buy your Son and Daughter a handsome gold watch for a graduating present. But some of you have not. You who have not should not wait till the last day of the Sale, because the best patterns will then be gone.

## \$35.00 Gold Watches Sale Price

30.00	"	"	"	"	"
25.00	"	"	"	"	"
20.00	"	"	"	"	"
16.00	"	"	"	"	"

## \$17.50

15.00
12.50
10.00
8.00

MAY 30th, LAST DAY OF  
CLEARANCE SALE.

## Local Time Card.

## THE FAVORITE



And all points

## NORTH AND SOUTH.

The only line to the famous health resorts.

West Baden and French Lick Springs

The Carlsbad of America. Complete Pullman Equipment.

FRANK J. REED, G. P. A., Chicago

The direct Line between

Chicago, Michigan City,

LOUISVILLE,

TIME CARD FEB. 1897.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 4, Chicago Mail, 1:13 a.m.

No. 6, Express, 12:17 p.m.

No. 44, Local Freight, 11:40 a.m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 3, Southern Mail, 2:40 a.m.

No. 5, Express, 2:17 p.m.

No. 43, Local Freight, 12:17 p.m.

\* Daily. \* Daily except Sunday.

J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

## VANDALIA LINE.

Trains leave Greencastle, Ind. in effect May 16, 1897.

FOR THE WEST.

No. 7, Daily, 12:29 a.m. for St. Louis.

No. 15, Daily, 5:54 a.m. for St. Louis.

No. 5, Daily, 9:29 a.m. for St. Louis.

No. 21, Daily, 1:40 p.m. for St. Louis.

No. 3, EX. Sun., 5:17 p.m. for St. Louis.

No. 11, Daily, 8:56 p.m. for St. Louis.

FOR THE EAST.

No. 4, Daily, 4:30 a.m. for Indianapolis.

No. 4, Daily, EX. Sun. 8:34 a.m.

No. 12, Daily, 12:15 Noon.

No. 20, Daily, 1:40 p.m.

No. 8, Daily, 3:13 p.m.

No. 2, Daily, 6:15 p.m.

PEORIA DIVISION

Leave Terre Haute, 7:46 a.m. for Peoria.

No. 12, EX. Sun. 8:34 a.m.

No. 11, St. L. Day Limited, 12:44 p.m.

No. 5, Mat'oon Limited, 5:21 p.m.

\* Daily. \* Daily except Sunday.

No. 2, connects at Indianapolis for Cincinnati and Michigan division. No. 4 connects with L. E. &amp; W. and with trains for Peoria and Chicago.

No. 18, connects at Bellefontaine for Toledo and Detroit. No. 36, at Bellefontaine for Sandusky.

E. P. HIRSTIS, Agent.

Connections: No. 4 at Indianapolis with Big Four trains for Cincinnati, Cleveland, Benton Harbor, Chicago and Columbus, Ohio.

No. 5 "Mat'oon Acc'm" at Paris with train south.

No. 8 at Indianapolis with train to Greensburg.

No. 9 at Paris for Cairo at Kansas with P. D. &amp; E. north and south, at Mat'oon with P. D. &amp; E. northwest and with I. C. north.

No. 11 at Paris, with trains north, at Pana with B. &amp; O. S. W. northwest, and I. C. north and south, at Litchfield for Carrollton and Jacksonville, at St. Louis diverging roads.

No. 18, "Knickerbocker" at Indianapolis for Cincinnati and runs through to New York and Boston.

No. 35 at Mat'oon with I. C. south, P. D. &amp; E. southeast, at St. Louis with diverging roads.

No. 36 carries sleepers for Cincinnati, New York and Boston, runs to Cincinnati connects at Greensburg for Louisville.

For Job Printing see

The BANNER TIMES, printer

## GOOD NEWS.

## DR. BALLENTINE

The Great Homeopath, has prepared and put on sale at W. W. Jones' Drug Store in Greencastle a full line of his true Homeopathic remedies; by means of which all afflicted people can cure themselves. Hence get his little book on "Home Cures" and heal thyself. If in doubt as to your disease, or the remedy needed, you are invited to counsel the Doctor free of charge at his office in When block, Indianapolis.

The following are a few of his remedies and are sold at 25 cents each:

- No. 46—Blood Purifier and Serofula Cure.
- No. 14—Cough and Cold Cure.
- No. 38—Catarrh Cure (Constitutional.)
- No. 79—Catarrh Tablets (Local.)
- No. 30—Dyspepsia Cure.
- No. 22—Female Disorder Cure.
- No. 48—General Debility Cure.
- No. 82—Heart Cure.
- No. 56—Nerve Cure (Lost Vitality).
- No. 34—Pile Cure (Internal).
- No. 72—Pile Ointment.
- No. 30—Rheumatism Cure.
- No. 49—Whooping Cough Cure.
- No. 81—Kidney Cure.

## THE BALLENTINE REMEDY CO.,

18 and 19 When Block

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

## Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1000 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

## Local and Personal.

What is Going on in Society, Local and General News.

## DON'T THINK

Of leaving the city, even for a short time, without ordering the Daily BANNER TIMES to follow you. It costs you but 10 cents a week as it does here at home, and the address will be changed as often as you desire.

Personal and society notes are solicited and will be inserted if writer's name and address is attached, not to be inserted, but as an evidence of good faith. None but truthful items are desired.

Orel Lyon is somewhat better today.

Ed Lidiky of Ladoga, was in the city today.

Mrs. Mary Wright went to Brazil this morning.

Dr. Tucker was at Belle Union today on business.

Born to George Pfahler and wife, May 19, a son.

Born to Harry Thornburg and wife, May 19, a daughter.

Mrs. Hamrick returned from Indianapolis this morning.

Miss Harriett Bivin, of Clay City, is visiting her brother, Thos. Bivin.

Several of our physicians will attend the meeting of the state Medical society at Terre Haute tomorrow.

Deputy Recorder J. B. Harris and sister, Miss Claude, attended quarterly meeting at Mt. Meridian Sunday.

Mrs. G. W. Grubb and Miss Stella Grubb attend the wedding of Miss Jessie Watson at Terre Haute today.

Clayton Kelly has bought out E. C. L. Bartow's laundry and bath business and will continue the same at the old stand.

Mrs. P. B. Elliott, of Greencastle, who has been visiting the family of A. J. Hall, returned home this morning.

Rev. Pfau, of Lewistown, Mon., who has been the guest of Rev. Weaver, left this morning for the General Assembly at Winona park.

In the Brown-Sexton case at Bedford in which Col. Matson is engaged, the evidence was all in yesterday evening, and the argument is being made today.

J. F. Darnall is at home from Washington, D. C., where he has been in the interests of his candidacy for a position.

Mr. Darnall reports appointments side-

tracked temporarily in the interests of the tariff bill.

Company I will drill this evening at their armory.

Robt. Graham was in Indianapolis on business today.

S. B. Vancleave is in Indianapolis for a few days visit.

Mrs. J. D. Allen and Mrs. H. M. Smith spent the day in Indianapolis.

Miss Jessie Neff is in Terre Haute where she today will attend the wedding of Miss Jessie Watson.

Wm. E. Starr and Jas. Fiske are attending the meeting of the Grand lodge of the I. O. O. F. at Indianapolis.

Dr. Battman, of Lebanon, vice president of the State Medical society, was in the city, en route to Terre Haute.

Ewing McLean and Harry Gilmore left this morning for Russellville where they will work on Messrs. Hurst, Gilmore and Richardson's line.

Officer Parker jailed a tramp shortly before noon today. The man was decidedly intoxicated and used abusive language to the ladies from whom he begged.

Miss Lizzie Goulding and pupils will give an exhibition of their work at her home 203 N. College Avenue, on Wednesday, May 26, from 2 to 6 p. m. Every one is cordially invited.

Carrier pigeon raising appears to be a popular amusement just now. Thirty-one of them were sent to Agent Dowling this morning from Knightsville to be released as soon as received.

At eleven o'clock the BANNER TIMES received a telephone message from Morton over the new telephone line. The talk came in in good shape which shows the line to be a good one.

We are in receipt of a copy of the program of the 19th annual session of Island Park Assembly which meets at Rome City July 20 to Aug. 1. Among those on the program is Dr. H. A. Gobin.

Pigeon fanciers who are sending out carrier pigeons from Elwood, Alexandria and other points, are sending a number to Terre Haute in addition to this city. The birds seem to get back home all right.

S. B. Vancleave was treated to a surprise yesterday. It being his seventy-sixth birthday. Friends and relatives to the number of twenty brought in their dinners with them and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Vancleave.

County Clerk Darnall has received the blanks for issuing physicians licenses under the new law. The old as well as the traveling physicians and surgeons must purchase one of these licenses and there is a whole lot of red tape to be gone through with in the transaction.

The state fish commissioner has inaugurated a new scheme—appointed an unknown deputy in each county, who is instructed to watch closely and prosecute every violator of the fish law. As the law breakers don't now know whom to watch, this detective plan may have a good effect.

The spawning season is near at hand and fishermen should aid the state fish commissioner in hunting down the dynamiters and seiners who do their work at this time when lovers of the sport know it is useless to fish with hook and line and there fore do not visit the streams. The commissioner has appointed a local deputy to look after Walnut and other Putnam creeks, and he should have the hearty co-operation of all the fishermen in this vicinity.

When a poor young man starts out in life on a salary of five dollars a week and in three years' time is earning a salary of twenty dollars a week there are those who say he is lucky. There is no luck about it. The young man has made his services so valuable to his employers that they can better afford to pay him twenty dollars a week than they could pay the five, and do so cheerfully. Young man, such openings are not rare and it is with you to say

whether you will fill one of them or not.

Mrs. Ranier is visiting relatives at Seymour.

Born to George Crump and wife, May 19, a daughter.

E. Marquis jr., is in Bainbridge and Roachdale on business.

Mrs. Johnson, of Bedford, is visiting her father, Dr. Morrison.

Mrs. Castlen is expected here today to visit her sister, Mrs. Hart.

Mrs. Sallie Stone arrived today from Louisville to spend the summer with her sons James and Samuel Stone.

H. C. Barnes, S. F. Shackelford, V. V. Gill, J. H. Wilson and M. A. Rapp, of Ladoga, are attending court today.

The Woman's Home Missionary society of the Bethel A. M. church will meet tomorrow at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. Florence Miles.

The Vandalla's painter's car came here today. The men will repaint both passenger and freight depots, the water tanks and all the buildings owned by the company here. Alford Hibben of this city is foreman of the gang.

Earl Naugle, a young boy, claims that his watch was stolen from his vest last evening at the ball park. Naugle had taken it off while playing ball and it was while the vest was hanging up, near a crowd of boys, that the watch was taken. No one seems to have noticed the occurrence.

## Letter List.

The following letters remain in the Greencastle postoffice uncalled for May 19, 1897:

Mr. George Kulsheimer, Miss Ella M., James W. Ledbetter, Mr. B. F. Work, Miss Dillie Wood, Mrs. Ida Yerkes, Mrs. H. J. Talbot, Miss Kate Schmidt, Mr. Lee Reeves, Mrs. J. B. Steward 2.

In calling for same please say "advertised." WILLIS G. NEFF, P. M.

## THE EARLIER BENIN.

Had a Progressive Monarch in the Olden Times.

Benin, of which we have heard a good deal during the last few months, was at one time the center of a considerable empire, as African empires go, says the London Saturday Review.

The name will remind students of early voyages to India, and especially of Vasco de Gama's, the 400th anniversary of which will be celebrated this year, that Portuguese curiosity with regard to India in those far-off days was whetted by the reports which either a king of Benin or his envoys carried to Lisbon of Prester John and the Nestorian Christians who held sway on the other side of the Indian ocean. Benin was then associated, more or less intimately, with Abyssinia, through which the knowledge of India reached the king of Benin. King Don Joan of Portugal sent forth two envoys via Egypt to discover the mysterious land whence Venice and other cities had drawn untold riches. He also dispatched Bartholomew Diaz on a voyage of discovery down the African coast, with the result that the cape was accidentally rounded and the way opened up for the great voyage of Vasco de Gama in 1497. Portugal for years previous to the representations made by the king of Benin dreamed of a direct sea route to India, and it is curious to think that four centuries ago a predecessor of the barbarian who now rules in Benin was instrumental in inciting her navigators to new efforts which eventually brought east and west into closer touch.

## The BANNER TIMES

For Letter Heads.

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For Sale Bills and Posters.

The BANNER TIMES

## Country Local News.

## Interesting Items from Principal Points of Putnam County.

## RACCOON.

Foster Chanon is over from Decatur visiting his parents.

Russell Riddle and wife have moved to Mont Clair where Mr. Riddle has a permanent position as operator, in place of Emanuel Nicholas who has taken charge of the Russellville office.

John and Foster Shannon spent last week in Louisville, Ky., attending the races, they report an excellent time.

Miss Emma James is visiting Solomon James and family.

Sam Byrd and family visited at Dr. Straughan near Parkersburg Sunday.

Miss Lide, Skillman spent the first of the week in Indianapolis.

Jas. Walden was over from Waveland last Sunday.

Prayer meeting at Wm. Walden's Sunday afternoon and at Bro. Lindsay's Tuesday.

Messames Elva Broom and Ol Walker are engaged in dressmaking this summer.

B. D. Skillman and Nellie Byrd are in Hendricks county visiting friends.

Cern nearly all planned.

Miss Edith Young makes a splendid Sunday school superintendent.

Misses Emma Smalley and Nellie Geugh attended the graduating exercises at Barnard this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. H. Williams are in Crawfordsville visiting their daughter Mrs. Lizzie Williams.

## FILLMORE.

Last Thursday the Ladies' Aid society of the Christian church surprised Mrs. L. E. Campbell by meeting at her home. The meeting was in the nature of a birthday surprise though it was not "exactly the day." There were fifty members of the society present and an enjoyable time was had.

Last week Uncle Sam Shuck was eighty-four years old. He proposed to Uncle N. S. Straughan, who is eighty-eight, to wrestle a match, but Uncle Straughan told him to "wait till you are four years older." On the twenty-eighth of this month Thomas Jackson will be ninety-nine. He is hearty and still able to cut some wood, and seems good for several years yet.

J. W. Ragan recently sold nine hogs for the price of three dollars thirty-seven and one-half cents per hundred. They weighed even hundreds and came to even dollars and the amount for each hog was even dollars. Who can tell what the nine head weighed?

Most of our people have good gardens started.

James Nichols has a young fox chained to the platform in front of his store. It furnishes amusement for the children of the vicinity.

A. N. Duckworth, the Big Four brakeman mentioned in last week's paper, has been suffering considerably the last few days. He is still at the home of Ormer Click, two miles west of here.

Bridges and Dimier are into the wool business up to their eyes.

Children's day exercises will be held at the Christian church on the first Sunday in June. A good program will be rendered.

The Ladies' Aid society have purchased a new organ for the Christian church.

Albert Lockridge is having a well drilled on his farm near here.

Chinch bugs are said to be injuring the wheat in some fields.

## Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

Small Scotch Terrier, mouse color, wore nickel-plated collar and padlock. Finder return to Carl Eiteljorg and receive reward.

18113

## SEND news to Telephone 95.

The BANNER TIMES telephone news number is 95. Remember it when you have an item. We want the news.

## LAKE BREEZES

bring relief from the sweltering heat of the town or city. They raise your spirit and restore your energy. The greatest comfort and pleasure in lake travel is on one of the

LAKE MICHIGAN AND LAKE SUPERIOR TRANSPORTATION CO'S

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If an agent of the Government should call to sell you a bond of \$1,000, agreeing that you may pay for same in weekly payments of \$2.50 and guaranteeing to pay you six per cent interest per annum on each weekly payment free from taxes would you accept the offer. The Farmers and Citizens Building and Loan Association makes a better offer; it will sell you five shares of stock on payments of \$2.50 per week and at maturity of the stock will pay you

which would be better than 9 per cent. Interest per annum on the investment. This Association was organized April 23, 1884 and is now 13 years old, and has paid out during that time \$490,211.12.

There is no better investment and none gives as universal satisfaction. The poor man's weekly earnings is placed on an equality with the rich man's thousands and he is enabled to make his small savings earn equally as much, securing an investment that is substantial and yielding more than 9 per cent interest.

Shares of stock are \$200.00, dues 50 cents per week on each share.

Now is the time to subscribe. Call on or Address.

## GEO. E. BLAKE,

Greencastle, Ind.

## Through Buffet Sleeping Car to Mackinaw, Mich.

Commencing June 28th, the Vandalla Line will resume through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car service between St. Louis and Mackinaw. Sleepers will run via Terre Haute, St. Joseph, Grand Rapids and Petoskey-Bay View. This will be the only line of through cars from St. Louis to the delightful and cool resorts of Michigan. South-bound the last sleeping car for the season will leave Mackinaw, Sunday night, September 26th, 1897. For detailed information, address nearest Vandalla Line Agent, or E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

## Today's Local Markets.

Furnished the DAILY BANNER TIMES daily by R. W. Allen, manager of Arthur Jordan's poultry house.

Hens.....45

Winter Chicks.....65

Spring '97 Chicks.....13

Turkey hens.....3

Turkey toms.....3

Geese, f. &amp; over.....45

Ducks.....5

Eggs, fresh subject to candling.....7

Butter, good.....5

## CATARRH

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ELY'S CREAM BALM

It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Inflammation. Heals and protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. No Cocaine, No Mercury, No Injurious drug. Full Size 50c Trial Size 10c. at Druggists or by mail, ELY BROTHERS, 50 Warren Street, New York

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## The Bon Ton.

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## Three Great Conventions.

The Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor meets at San Francisco, Cal., July 7th-12th.

National Educational Association at Milwaukee, Wis., July 6th-9th.

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks at Minneapolis, Minn., July 6th-9th.

These are all National conventions, and delegates and others interested should bear in mind that the best route to each convention city from Chicago is via the Chicago, Milwaukee &amp; St. Paul railway. Two trains daily via Omaha to San Francisco; seven